

SAMARA

JUNE, 1944

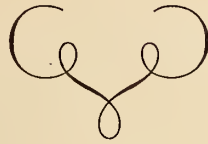


"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—BROWNING

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—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS

Governors of Elmwood



MRS. EDWARD F. FAUQUIER



MRS. HARRY SOUTHAM



THE HON. CAIRINE WILSON, LL.D.

This edition of Samara is gratefully dedicated to the Governors of Elmwood, with deep appreciation of their unfailing support during the years as Elmwood has developed from its simple beginnings to the splendid, well-equipped school it now is.

Elmwood

Rockcliffe Park

Ottawa

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EXCHANGES, 1943

Saint Andrew's College Review

The Study Chronicle

Overden Chronicle

Bishop's College School Magazine

The Ashburian

The Pibroch

Trinity University Review

The School Calendar



September 16th—First day of a new term and a new year.

October 8th—A very welcome long weekend for everybody.

October 23rd—A Hallowe'en party for the juniors, very pretty in their gay costumes.

November 18th—Mr. Humphrey gave an interesting talk on the prairie provinces.

November 19th—A very informative lecture was given by Miss Warren on Italy. We were also shown some beautiful lantern slides of Italian cities.

November 24th—Miss Hasell spoke to us, on the Sunday School Caravan and showed us many slides.

December 10th—The house plays were given, and Nightingale emerged victorious.

December 16th—The day of our extremely successful Bazaar, at which the winning house play, and the Junior's nativity play were presented.

December 17th—The beginning of the Christmas holidays.

January 12th—Back to school!

January 17th—Miss Snowdon gave us a lecture on Elizabethan music, delightfully illustrated with songs which she accompanied on the virginals.

January 19th—The exams started.

January 26th—The exams ended.

January 27th—Visit of departmental inspectors.

January 28th—Free day for the entire school.

February 22nd—The St. John Cadets went to the Guide rally.

March 29th—The senior dramatic class presented "Tobias and the Angel".

March 30th—The Easter holidays began.

April 21st—A dramatic and dancing recital was given in the presence of His Excellency The Governor General and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

May 26th—Cadet Demonstration.

June 14th—Closing.

BOARDERS' CALENDAR

September 16—Returned to school, ready for another year of school life.

October 2—Some of the senior boarders went to a dance at Ashbury.

October 8—Left for long week-end.

October 11—Returned in the evening.

October 21—Mademoiselle Juge took a few of the senior boarders to the Rideau Theatre to see the French movie "Les Trois Valses," with Yvonne Printemps.

October 27—A few of us attended "The Barber of Seville" presented by the Philadelphia Opera Company.

November 12—A large number went to the Technical School to hear the Czechoslovakian pianist, Rudolph Firkusny.

November 12—Another Ashbury dance was attended by a few of the senior boarders.

November 17—A few girls went to hear Rose Brampton, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, at the Capitol Theatre.

November 22—Many of us went to the Auditorium to hear a concert given by Mona Bates and her ten pianos. This was sponsored by the Health League.

December 1—We heard Witold Maliiaynski, the Polish pianist.

December 4—Christmas shopping in the morning. In the evening, many of the senior boarders went to a dance at the home of Janet Edwards.

December 17—The long-awaited Christmas holidays.

January 10—Returned from the holidays.

January 15—Most of us went skiing at Pine Hill and took our lunch with us.

January 29—Some of the senior boarders enjoyed another Ashbury dance.

February 9—The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dmitri Metro-polous.

February 12—The senior boarders gave a social evening, to which the Ashbury senior boarders were invited.

February 18—We all went on a sleigh-ride in the evening.

February 20—We were invited to Mrs. Buck's house to Sunday afternoon tea, and heard some very lovely piano duets by Mr. McTavish and Mr. Player.

February 23—We heard the famous violinist, Yehudi Menuhin.

February 25—Left for a short week-end.

February 27—Returned from the week-end in the evening.

March 1—A few of us attended the concert of Ezio Pinza, basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

March 3—The Minto Follies at the Auditorium.

March 10—Oconto Campers attended the Oconto reunion dinner at the Chateau Laurier.

March 11—The Ashbury plays at the Technical School.

March 30—Easter holidays begin.

April 11—We return from the holidays.

PENNIES

*There were five little pennies
Sitting in a purse,
Three more came along
To join the first.*

*The nine little pennies
Waited for some time,
Then the purse opened
And in popped a dime.*

*Nineteen pennies
Were joined by one more
Then there were twenty:
Three fell on the floor.*

*Seventeen pennies
Were joined by five others
Then, in the purse, were
Twenty-two brothers.*

*But just at that moment
In came three more:
In the form of a war stamp
The pennies went to war!*

SHELAGH NOLAN, V C
Nightingale

Editorial

IN ROCKLIFFE PARK, Ottawa, there is a long gray building with a red roof called Elmwood. To a stranger it would look like just an ordinary homey structure, but to an Elmwoodian, old or new, every window and each part of the grounds hold some special meaning. Has a group of old school friends ever collected for long before they begin to "remember"? Not many people go through life without the memory of happy, sunny school-days.

Of course, what we associate mostly with school are the hours of work which have to be done when the weather outside is beautiful or we want to skate or ski—to do almost anything rather than study. What we learn in the classroom is important, but what we learn unconsciously stays with us our whole life and is, therefore, perhaps more important. We learn to be unselfish, and how to lose with a smile. We learn fair play. We learn to think and make decisions for ourselves. Above all, we learn that we can gain from our efforts only what we put into them.

This year a St. John Ambulance Cadet Nursing Division has been started at Elmwood. Mrs. Buck is Lady Divisional Superintendent, Miss M. H. Dixon, and Mrs. E. N. Rhodes are officers of the division. Miss Pavlasek has very kindly given of her time and effort to teach the cadets Home Nursing. So far it has been a great success and we hope it will continue to be so.

The money raised by the Elmwood Tea and Entertainment, just before Christmas, was given to the Navy League for the Merchant Navy. The sum donated was \$560.00. The Red Cross drive was particularly successful as the collection amounted to \$150.00. The presentation of "Tobias and the Angel" by the senior dramatic class also netted \$150.00 for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

Ruth Osler and Philippa McLaren deserve much credit for the work they have put into

the sale of War Savings Stamps, and the wonderful way in which the call to buy has been answered.

Although sweets have been increasingly difficult to procure, parcels have been sent over to England with the money collected.

The House Collections, as usual, were sent to Christ Church Cathedral, with the exception of two bundles of clothing and a quilt which were sent to Miss Hamilton for her Nursery School in England.

To the members of the magazine committee, Miss Chappell, those who have done posters, and those who have contributed many delightful short stories and poems, grateful thanks are extended. It is felt by all of us that special thanks should be extended to Mr. Rowley Hooper, who, every year, smooths out our difficulties, shoulders our burdens, and, in general, makes the publishing of this magazine possible.

As the school year draws to a close, we think back on it in terms of what we have gained, the opportunities we have let slip, and the disappointments—but above all the happiness it has brought. For school days are always happy days. Some of us will be taking our leave of the school this year. All we have learned, and all we can yet learn will be of the greatest importance to us in the difficult times which lie ahead.

The war has given us the realization of our own individual place in the world, when peace will again be ours. That is why education is so important today. We must, when the time comes, be able to think fairly, clearly and firmly.

To those who are left, and to those who will carry on after us, we wish the best of success in all their undertakings. May the happiness which has been ours be that of all the future members of Elmwood.

House Notes

FRY HOUSE NOTES, 1943-44

SEPTEMBER found Fry's empty ranks filled by juniors, but they have proved that they are worthy to fill the places left by the Fryites we lost last June.

We followed the Fry tradition by including everybody in our Christmas play, "Why the Chimes Rang", by Raymond McDonald Alden, but we did not, I am afraid, follow the tradition of winning the play or house collections. We have not been very fortunate in respect to stars either, as Nightingale and Keller are both ahead of us. We hope to do better.

Fry has not been very lucky in sports but it is not the fault of our able sports captains, Gretchen Mathers and Margot Peters, who have done a great deal to help us all in basketball and badminton. The tennis has not yet been played so—good luck Fry.

I would like this opportunity to welcome into our house Miss Dixon and Miss Dickie, new members of the staff. We were sorry to lose Mrs. Chipman and Miss Sinclair at the end of last year. Thank you, members of Fry, for all your help in the house collections and the house play. Also I would like to thank Kay Ward, an old member of Fry, for her help in the production of the play.

Fry congratulates last year's prize winners.

Summa Summarum—Mary Osler

Proficiency—

Betsy Allen

Gretchen Mathers

Margaret Hardy

Mathematics—Mary Wurtele

French—Margaret Hardy

History—Mary Wurtele

Dramatics—Lette McGreer

Poetry—Carol MacLaren

Public Speaking—Lette McGreer

Senior Tennis Doubles—Mary Wurtele and Norcen Hancy (K)

Intermediate Tennis Doubles—Margot Peters and Ann Chisnell (K)

Intermediate Badminton Singles—Gretchen Mathers

Inter House Basketball—Fry

The teams are as follows:

SENIOR BADMINTON TEAM

First Singles . .	Gretchen Mathers
Second Singles . .	Margot Peters
Doubles . . .	Elisabeth Rowlatt Janet Caldwell

JUNIOR BADMINTON TEAM

First Singles . .	Judith McCulloch
Second Singles . .	Mary Patteson
Doubles . . .	Carol McLaren Martha Bate

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Centre Forward . .	Gretchen Mathers
Centre Guard . .	Betsy Allen
Forwards . . .	Elisabeth Rowlatt Janet Caldwell
Guards	Margot Peters Margaret Hardy

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Centre Forward . .	Carol McLaren
Centre Guard . .	Luella Wills
Forwards . . .	Martha Bate Judith McCulloch
Guards	Mary Patteson Nancy Zimmerman

HOUSE MEMBERS

Head of House . .	Janet Caldwell
Monitor . . .	Betsy Allen
Monitor . . .	Margaret Hardy

Mary Blackburn, Martha Bate, Elizabeth Oliver-Bellasis, Jane Nairn, Jane Johnstone, Gretchen Mathers, Carol McLaren, Judith McCulloch, Margot Peters, Mary Patteson, Elisabeth Rowlatt, Luella Wills, Nancy Zimmerman.

Staff—Miss Chappell, Miss Dixon, Miss Zyssett, Miss Dickie.



FRY SR. BASKETBALL TEAM



FRY JR. BASKETBALL TEAM



FRY SR. BADMINTON TEAM



FRY JR. BADMINTON TEAM



FRY TENNIS TEAM



FRY HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE SR. BASKETBALL TEAM



NIGHTINGALE JR. BASKETBALL TEAM



NIGHTINGALE SR. BADMINTON
TEAM



NIGHTINGALE JR. BADMINTON
TEAM



NIGHTINGALE TENNIS TEAM



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

Nightingale

KELLER HOUSE NOTES

LAST YEAR we succeeded in winning the House Shield. This year we have not been as successful and we are only second in number of stars but we are working hard and hope to do better.

We were placed second in both the House Collections and the House Plays. Our play this year was "Daddy Long Legs", and we got a great deal of enjoyment in presenting it.

We are very pleased to welcome our new member from the staff, Mrs. Knight, and all the new girls whom we hope have become useful members of the house and school.

The members of the house this year are:

Janet Edwards—Head of House
 Philippa McLaren—Prefect
 Anna Cameron—Monitor
 Suzanne Mess—Monitor
 Diana Laird—Monitor

Pat Drake, Elizabeth Wyatt, Joan Fleck, Anne Chisnell, Daphne Wurtele, Betty Mayer, Anne Protheroe, Diana Ramsay, Philippa Hunloke, Joanna Rowlatt, Eileen Van Vliet, Sacha Mavor.

Staff—Miss Adams, Mademoiselle Juge, Miss Graham, Mrs. Knight, Mr. McTavish.

With Philippa McLaren as our Sports Captain, Keller has won the Badminton tournaments, and we hope to put a winning Tennis Team on the courts this Spring.

We heartily congratulate last year's prize-winners:

Proficiency Medal—Anne Powell
 Currents Events Cup—Anne Powell
 Dramatic Medal—Jacqueline Workman
 House Motto—Janet Edwards
 Sports Medal—Noreen Haney
 Senior Tennis Singles and Doubles—Noreen Haney and Mary Wurtele (F)
 Senior Badminton Singles and Doubles—Noreen Haney
 Intermediate Tennis Singles—Philippa McLaren
 Intermediate Tennis Doubles—Anne Chisnell and Margot Peters (F)

Proficiency Prizes—Philippa McLaren, Anne Chisnell, Anne Protheroe, Joanna Rowlatt.

The teams are as follows:

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Centre forward . Janet Edwards
 Right forward . Philippa McLaren
 Left forward . Joan Fleck
 Centre guard . Anne Chisnell
 Right guard . Diana Laird
 Left guard . Suzanne Mess

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Centre forward . Daphne Wurtele
 Right forward . Philippa Hunloke
 Left forward . Diana Ramsay
 Centre guard . Joanna Rowlatt
 Right guard . Anne Protheroe
 Left guard . Sacha Mavor

SENIOR BADMINTON

First singles . Janet Edwards
 Second singles . Anne Chisnell
 Doubles . Philippa McLaren
 Anna Cameron

JUNIOR BADMINTON

First singles . Anne Protheroe
 Second singles . Philippa Hunloke
 Doubles . Diana Ramsay
 Joanna Rowlatt

TENNIS

Janet Edwards, Philippa McLaren, Anne Chisnell, Anna Cameron.

A PRAYER

*O God, protect them as the soar
 The blue on silver wings o'er
 Land and sea.*

*We pray Thee help these young and brave
 Who fight so gladly to save
 Their country.*

*Bring them safely home from the sky
 And succour them as they fly
 To victory.*

SUZANNE MESS, V A
 Keller



KELLER SR. BASKETBALL TEAM



KELLER JR. BASKETBALL TEAM



KELLER SR. BADMINTON TEAM



KELLER JR. BADMINTON TEAM



KELLER TENNIS TEAM



KELLER HOUSE



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM



SIXTH FORMS



JUNIOR SCHOOL



KINDERGARTEN



SPORTS NOTES

AS USUAL we have had a busy year with our sports, which we have carried on in addition to the activities of the St. John Ambulance Cadets and the Defence Courses.

I should like to thank Miss Snell for all she has done for us. She has always managed to squeeze in our tournaments in spite of all the other activities and has encouraged us in everything we have done.

In the Autumn we attempted to win again the Interscholastic Tennis Shield but we did not succeed in doing so. We lost the Shield to the Lisgar Collegiate team which was finally defeated by the Glebe Collegiate team. The School Inter-House Tennis Shield was won last June by Keller and we are looking forward to exciting tournaments this June.

We have had only one basketball game with the old girls this year, which we won. We enjoyed the game very much and are planning another this term. The house basketball honours went to Nightingale this year after some very exciting games.

There has been a great deal of interest in badminton this year in both the senior and junior school and there are some very pro-

mising new players. The badminton cup was won by Keller.

Due to the lack of time and the scarcity of snow the boarders did not get many ski outings this year but the juniors used the rink to full advantage.



The school teams are as follows:

TENNIS

Janet Edwards, Philippa McLaren, Gretchen Mathers, Paula Peters.

BASKETBALL

Janet Edwards, Paula Peters, Betsy Allen, Philippa McLaren, Gretchen Mathers, Ann Chisnell, Margot Peters, Margaret Hardy.



DRAMATICS

DRAMATIC NOTES

ON THE evening of Wednesday, March 29th, the Senior Dramatic Class presented James Bridie's play, "Tobias and the Angel". The audience was most responsive, and the play was a great success. There was a silver collection, and we were able to give one hundred and fifty dollars to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. The play was very different from those done in previous years, as it was a comedy. We should like to thank Miss Graham for making our work on the play so enjoyable.

The three house plays, done at Christmas time, were extremely good. Nightingale put on "Guest House—Very Exclusive", and this was the winning play; it was particularly well acted. Keller's play came second with the first act of "Daddy Long Legs". Fry's play ranked third with "Why the Chimes Rang". Nightingale's play was put on at the Bazaar a few days later.

On the afternoon of April 21st, Forms V A and V B presented part of "Twelfth Night" and the Juniors acted "The Sleeping Beauty." On the same afternoon an entertainment of Junior and Intermediate dancing was given.

We should like to express our appreciation to "The Citizen" for allowing us to print the following account of the Senior Play.

Elmwood School Students Score Success In Drama

The senior dramatic art class of Elmwood School last evening presented James Bridie's comedy, "Tobias and the Angel", before a highly appreciative audience in the school auditorium. Proceeds of the play will go to the Red Cross Prisoner of War Fund.

Those conversant with the apocryphal books of the Old Testament will be familiar with the ancient story of Tobit with which the author of the play has taken a few liberties so it is perhaps not necessary to repeat it here. Looking back over the productions of the classes of other years, it made quite a contrast but like the majority of those presentations it was admirably done, especially when one considers what an all-girl cast has to surmount in difficulties.

First let it be said that diction and clarity of speech were uniformly excellent. Appreciation of the possibilities of the lines and sense of the dramatic also were good and when all this has been said it is sufficient evidence that



MRS. BUCK, L/DIV. SUPERINTENDENT; MISS DIXON, OFFICER ROCKCLIFFE
CADET N.D.; MISS PAVLASEK, R.N.; AND TWO MEMBERS
OF ROCKCLIFFE N.D.



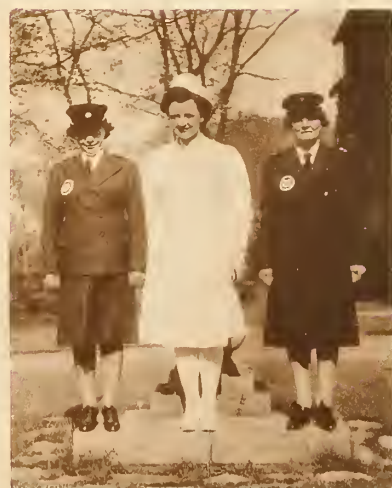
OUT FOR CADET DRILL



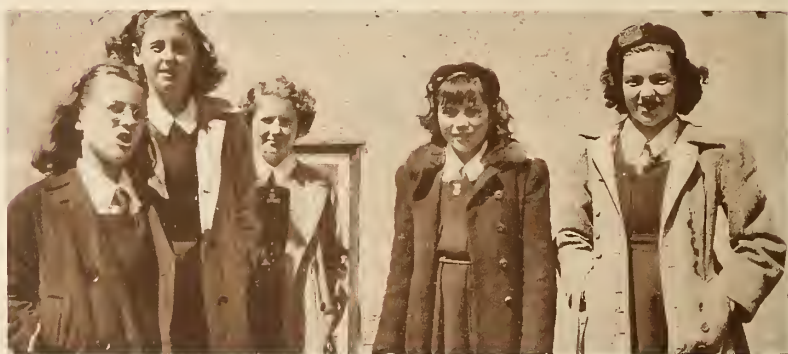
OUR INSTRUCTORS



TWO MEMBERS OF
ROCKCLIFFE N.D.



L. to R. MISS DIXON,
MISS PAVLASEK, MRS. BUCK



the chief reasons for including study of the dramatic art as part of the school curriculum have been fully realized by the class. Another thing that might be added was the splendid stage sense of the cast and the delightful ease of movement of the players.

Some Minor Faults

True, there were some faults which might have been avoided but these, all things considered, were minor ones. One might say that there might have been more agreement over the pronunciation of the Hebrew name for the Deity, that beards and hair did not always match and that an Airedale, which, by the way, played his part like a veteran actor, seemed rather English for ancient Nineveh. There were also a few errors in lighting.

Ruth Osler, as the loquacious old Jew, Tobit, who saw good in everything and everybody to his own loss in worldly things, carried off a difficult and lengthy role with ease and finish. She gave a really outstanding performance bringing out the humor and drama of the part with commendable skill. Paula Peters gave the right ethereal touch to the character of the archangel Raphael and played it with a dignity which was at the same time not without its lighter moments. Tobias was played with delightful freshness and life by Janet Edwards and the quick changes in moods inspired by the archangel were excellently done. The part of the more practical Anna, Tobit's wife, was in the hands of Margaret Hardy and she too gave a highly praiseworthy interpretation of the role.

Lois Davidson, as Sara, daughter of Raguel and bride of Tobias, gave a very pleasing performance. Her scene with Raphael was especially good. Elizabeth Wyatt, as Sherah, sang sweetly in the second act. Her song, by the way, was the composition of Myron McTavish, well known Ottawa organist and musician. Betty Caldwell was all that could be desired as Raguel and Janet Caldwell made the part of Azorah, a dancing girl, stand out. Betsy Allen was a bandit, Joan Paterson and Elizabeth Paish, slaves, and Pauline Coulson a very black Nubian slave.

The play was under the direction of Miss Miriam Graham, whose abilities in this direction are widely recognized. The scenery was by the senior art class under the direction of Miss H. Mabel May.—M.



AT THE GALLERY

*"What is that?
Could it be a hat?"
"Are you certain
It's not a curtain.
Perhaps by chance
A pair of pants,
Or by mistake
A piece of cake?"
"Look again."
"Is it a cane?
Or are you sure
It's not a fleur-de-lis?
In any case
It's not a face."
"I think I'll look!
It's not a book.
Not a girl
There isn't a curl."
"What a mess!
You guess."*

PATSY DRAKE, VI M
Keller

MY PRAYER

*O Lord we thank Thee for the poetry of
motion,
Of child dancing and yacht with spread sail,
For service and friends that never fail,
For music that lifts our hearts to Thee,
For the beauty of Nature in the maple tree.
Above all we thank Thee for Thy most
perfect gift
Of Jesus Christ our Lord Who came to lift
Mankind from darkness into light.*

Amen.

ANN PROTHEROE, V C
Keller



ART NOTES, 1943-44

THE enthusiastic members of the Special Art Class have spent a very pleasant and constructive year.

During the first term we devoted most of our time to figure work and quick sketching in charcoal and paint. In addition to the Special Art Class, Third Form and Four C were interested in making masks of papier-maché.

After Christmas we entered upon an entirely new phase and undertook the painting of murals on the walls of the art room. Heather

Cumyn and Sally McCarter are entitled to our thanks for their fine contribution to this project.

During the year we have spent a good deal of our time in painting compositions, as well as posters for the various school activities and the scenery for the Senior Play.

A pleasant atmosphere was created by Miss May's Interior Decorating Class, when they redecorated with great success the Art Room and the Boarders' Lounge.

We have greatly profited under Miss May's untiring guidance, and we wish to thank her for a highly enjoyable year. P. McL.



FOR ABSENT FRIENDS

Oh, Father of us all, bring back, we pray Thee, our loved ones who are far away over the sea. While they are away, keep them from harm and give them courage to fight the enemy bravely and without fear. Give our nurses who are tending the wounded and dying the spirit to carry on with their work that Thou hast set them to do. Above all do not forget the ones who have given their lives to save their country. We ask this in the name of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

PIPPA OSLER, aged 12.

MUSIC

We praise Thee, O God, for the gift of song that lifts the wearied heart, for the music that soothes our care and banishes our earthliness. Help us to hear always brave music and noble song, that our lives may be set to a melody of love and hope, and at the end, grant us to catch the notes of that song no man can reveal, the song of saints around Thy throne, who have followed Thy music in their lives.

GRETCHEN MATHERS, V B

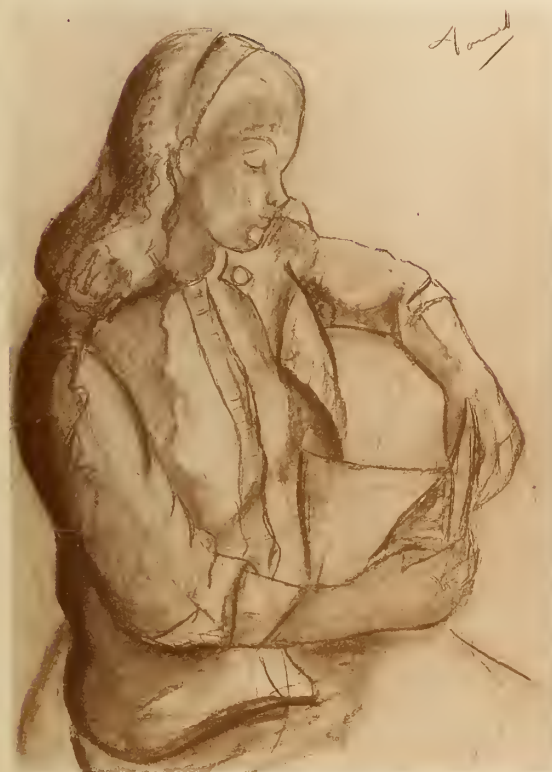
Fry



JANET EDWARDS



GRETCHEN MATHER



JANET EDWARDS



P. McLAREN



SMALL MURAL—JEAN ELLIOTT, ANNE PROTHEROE



JUDY DAY



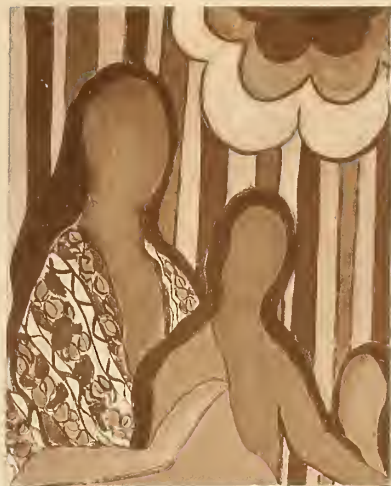
CAROL MacLAREN



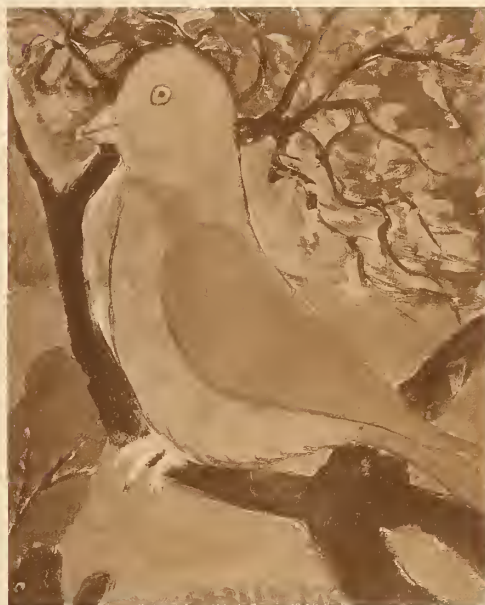
ANNE EDWARDS



DIANA DAVIS



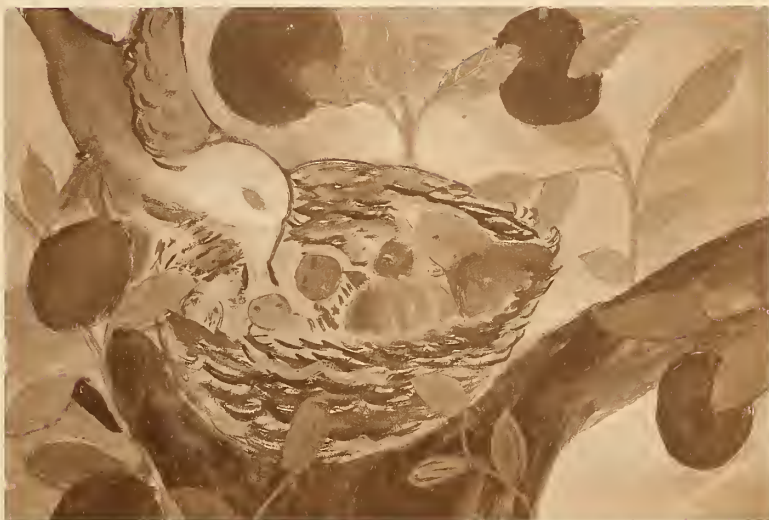
ANNA CAMERON



SALLY McCARTER



P. McLAREN



HEATHER CUMYN



One Hour

THE CLOCK points to five o'clock, and I am sentenced to die in one more precious hour. I can not believe it. I keep running over the phrase, "Only one more hour, one more hour." I am afraid to die, though I try not to be; I want to live. I have a wife, child and a happy home, in fact everything man could desire, but here I am cooped up in a cell, listening to the groans and cries of my race, waiting for my death like a coward. So many thoughts are running through my mind that I have to write them down.

I think of my happy and peaceful boyhood—the wonderful feeling of waking in the morning to the sound of the cock crowing and not the sound of bombs falling, to see the morning dew sparkling like so many thousand diamonds on the soft green hills, and not the ruins of houses where families have once lived in a prosperous, contented state. I hear the whistling and shouting of labourers going to work, spades on shoulders, to produce our daily bread—not the mourning and crying of children, or the tramping and shouting of A.R.P. men digging under rubble for courageous people. I remember the pleasant smell of new-mown hay, of freshly baked bread and the delicate fragrance of flowers. I remember the walks with my father up and down dales, watching the sheep, with my old sheep-dog trotting by my side. I used to feel so proud and happy when my father asked my advice about the farm or some trifle. I remember idle days lying on my back, hands clasped behind my head, watching the clouds floating along like white, wooly animals. I always had the insane desire to get up and grasp them. Here I see only abandoned farms, ruined crops and blackened trees.

It seems to me years ago, although it was only two days that I volunteered to go on a dangerous secret mission. I succeeded in getting the important information and sending it back to headquarters, but I was taken prisoner and condemned to die. The time is

almost up and I can hear the marching of the guard coming to get me, but I am not afraid now. Refreshed by the memory of my beautiful boyhood, I have been made stronger in spirit and ready to die for my country. I know that I am dying to give my sons and my sons' sons a life of security and peace. If I could live my life again, I would ask for no better death than this. The sun has just risen, casting a heavenly glow over the sky of deep purple, gold and red. I feel at peace with the world.

*When I am gone, "This heart, all evil shed
away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given.
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her
day;
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."*

ANNE PATTESON, V A
Nightingale



AN ELMWOOD SPRING

*The hand of winter carefully laid
On every Elmwood field
A silvery blanket, warm and deep,
As if to guard them while they sleep
And keep them 'till the spring.*

*But now the cover's wearing thin
And through the rents we see
What winter helped to shield from harm
With nature's own protecting arm,
The grass of early spring.*

DIANA RAMSAY, V C.
Keller

NANCY ZIMMERMAN, V C
Fry

My Life with the Fawells

I AM a cat called Julius. I am two year old. My mother's name was Caesar. I was born in the back part of a pet shop in London.

For a few days I stayed in the back part of the shop. Soon I opened my eyes. But far too soon I had to leave my cosy bed, to be put in the shop window with two little Persian kittens, three jet black kittens and two beautiful white cats. My mother had to stay in the back part of the shop. My job, as I soon learned, was to mew whenever someone came into the shop, because the two white cats were too stuck up to do so for themselves.

One day a man and woman came into the shop and spoke to the man who owned us. The lady gave our master some money. Then the lady came over to me and picked me up, and took me over to where the two men were standing. Soon they had packed me away in my basket and pulled down the lid. They then took me to their car (how I know is because I peeked through a crack in my basket).

After a while we reached a house and the man who was driving stopped the car. A door opened, and I felt myself being whisked away into the house. My basket was put down and soon I heard two eager voices chattering. After a moment the lid of my basket was gently lifted up and out I sprang—right into one of the little girls' arms. She screamed and let me fall to the floor because she was only five and had never had a cat of her own. From that time on I learnt to love the Fawell family. My happy days with the Fawells passed far too quickly.

One day the children were dancing around when the telephone rang, and Mrs. Fawell went to answer it. When she came back she talked to Mr. Fawell for a long time. The children, being very inquisitive, wanted to know what they were talking about, but their parents would not tell them. For about two weeks there was nothing but bustle in the house. I supposed that the girls had been told the secret, because one day the children came out of the dining room screaming and yelling.

Then, one day the children and their parents got into the car with a lot of luggage. Before they went, they made a great fuss over me and their goldfish, but they went away in the end. After a few hours, Mr. and Mrs. Fawell came back without the children. I mewed at them, and they stroked me. I am still waiting for the time when my two young mistresses will come back to me.

ALISON FAWELL,
4 C, Age 10



TEDDY

*I have a little Teddy Bear
He is my very own.
I found him on a wood-land path;
He hadn't any home.*

*I took him in and nursed him,
And fed him on some milk;
I fed him on a piece of bread.
He went to bed on silk.*

*I took him to the sea-side,
To play with me all day,
But one day by misfortune,
My Teddy ran away.*

MOIRA NOLAN,
Form 3, Age 9

IN THE APPLE TREE ONE DAY

*In the apple tree one day,
I saw an elf at joyous play.
He looked so odd, with big round eyes
And had the look of real surprise,
He bowed politely as he said,
"Excuse me stepping on your head.
Your parting looked so like a lane!
I'm sorry. I'll step off again."*

SHEILA MADDEN,
Form 3, Age 9

Cadet Notes

THIS YEAR many of us joined the Rockcliffe Cadet Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade which was organized by Mrs. Buck and meets at Elmwood. We have nearly fifty members. Rockcliffe girls who do not attend Elmwood are also invited to join. At present there are nine of them, and we very much hope that this number will increase next year, because the inclusion of outside members widens our interests and is of great benefit to us all.

The first meeting took place on November 1st, when Mrs. Buck, as Lady Divisional Superintendent, gave us a talk on the great traditions and historic background of the Order. She emphasized the fine ideals of the Cadet code of chivalry, with which we open every meeting, and the mottoes of the Order which are "Pro Fide", and "Pro Utilitate Hominum".

Soon after we were organized we were visited by Miss Elsie Burn, Lady Divisional Superintendent of the Rockcliffe Nursing Division, to which the Cadet Division is attached. She welcomed us into the Brigade and brought us greetings from our "older sisters" of the Nursing Division.

We are striving hard to become efficient in First Aid and Home Nursing, a large number having already obtained both certificates and some, their senior. Through the courtesy of Colonel J. D. Fraser, Commanding Officer of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Sergeant-Major Rodger and Sergeant-Major Mitchell come and take us for foot drill. We hope that their inability to express themselves in what we believe to be the traditional manner of sergeant-majors, while drilling the young ladies of Elmwood, has not been too great a strain upon their patience. The Home Nursing Classes have been taken by Miss Marie Pavlassek, whose father is the Czecho-Slovakian minister to Canada, and she herself a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital.

There is great competition to qualify as N.C.O.'s; the following are on probation:

SERGEANTS:—Paula Peters, Pauline Coulson, Anna Cameron, Gretchen Mathers.

CORPORALS:—Janet Caldwell, Joanna Rowlatt, Margot Peters, Martha Bate, Jean Blakey, Norah Cameron, Philippa McLaren, Heather Cumyn.

We are very proud that two senior Elmwoodians, Betty Caldwell and Joan Paterson, have qualified as members of the Nursing Division and we think that they look very smart in their St. John uniform.

During the latter part of May we are looking forward to inviting our parents and friends to a demonstration of First Aid, Home Nursing and Foot Drill.

Through our Cadet membership we learn to value the service we can render to others, particularly in time of emergency, and to understand the full meaning and importance of the Cadet ideal, "To do my duty to God, my King and to all mankind." The organization has been such a success and has been enjoyed so much by all that no doubt it will be a prominent activity of Elmwood from now on.

OFFICERS OF THE ROCKCLIFFE CADET NURSING DIVISION

Cadet Divisional Surgeon—Dr. G. P. Howlett
Lady Divisional Superintendent—

Mrs. C. H. Buck

Lady Cadet Officer—Miss Muriel Dixon

Lady Cadet Officer—Mrs. E. N. Rhodes

SPRING IS A FAIRY

*Spring is a fairy
Soft and green,
Summer is its mother
Who looks like a queen.
Fall is its grandmother,
Bright colours has she,
Winter is its grandpa
He's as cold as me!*

SHEILA MADDEN,
Form 3, Age 9

A Day of Happiness

THERE was dead silence after the bombers roared away into the night, leaving lurid flames lighting up the frail framework of a building. Then, as the building toppled, a crash of brick and mortar broke the silence.

A little girl stood like a small statue in the midst of chaos.

"'Ere, wot yer doin' 'ere?" called a busy air raid warden. Mopping his head and carefully picking his way over the debris, he made his way towards her.

As if by a sudden impulse the small statue shivered all over and fled into the deep shadow of an alley.

"'Ere," repeated the air raid warden. "Wot yer doin'? Well, blow me daown, she's a queer 'un and no mistake. Guess she didn't have nothin' t'do with this show." He stumbled away to continue his work.

* * *

The grey morning light filtered through the over-hanging roof of an alley way. A small shape kneeling on a piece of sacking rose and walked away, down the alley, looking at all the disaster that surrounded her.

As she walked down that dingy little street, her eyes were sad. Her parents had been all the world to her, but they had been desperately poor and she had had no moment of real happiness in the whole of her nine years. Now her parents were happily out of this world but she wasn't, and she was going to make this day the happiest she had ever had—just this one day, free and happy. The dirty buildings swam as she thought, "Be happy, be happy."

Now she was getting into broader streets and a cleaner part of the city. Her tears dried slowly on her face as she walked along, for the day showed signs of being superb. Even now, the grey cobwebs of dawn were fleeing the sky.

Later, she stood on the curb of a road. The day was a golden day with clear sunshine and a wind-swept blue sky. All the passers-by were gilded by the sunshine of good will. A steady stream of passengers poured into a bus that was headed for the country. On this perfect day there was surely no need to pay. The conductor, busy with other passengers, didn't see her slip on the bus. The seat by the window was soft and cushiony; the bus was like a stage with each passenger a play in himself. There was one typical, little man wearing a quiet, brown suit, with a plain, inconspicuous face—yet he might be a millionaire, a criminal or a spy.

The bus stopped with a jerk. She opened her eyes and saw a sight so beautiful that it made her gasp. Her slum eyes had never seen anything so lovely,—those cottages, gay with window-boxes, the rich chocolate-brown earth and the stone house with a magnificent copper beech, each leaf burning like a separate sun. She descended in a sort of trance.

Off the road was a worn path leading into a dim and whispering wood. The rays of the sun pierced through the leaves and tiny motes danced in their beams. A little pool, surrounded by delicate green ferns and blue-bells in clumps like blue shadows, formed a haven of refuge. A peaty brown brook ran into the pool chattering by a long, grey rock. Here the little girl sat, listening to a bird singing to its mate on the twig above and twining a wreath of snowdrops.

A sound of whistling broke the stillness as a soldier pushed his way through the underbrush. He didn't look happy for his eyes were bitter and full of irony against the world. Nobody understood him. His parents had died when he was very young and, since he had no relations, he had grown up in an orphan asylum. When the war began, he joined the armed forces and this was his first leave. But where could he spend it? He had no friends. The whistling stopped dead as he came to the pool.

"Excuse me for interrupting. You aren't a water-nymph, are you?" he said half ironically.

"Of course not. Water-nymphs are much prettier. But do come and paddle." To his own surprise, he did. The water was cold and clear, and together they tried to catch the darting minnows in their palms. Using leaves as boats was fun and their laughter rang clear through the wood. He showed her how to play ducks and drakes, and they watched the smooth stones leaping over the pool's bright surface.

When they felt the pangs of hunger, they wended their way to the village and had their meal under the shade of the old copper beech at the stone house. The soldier teased the old lady who owned the house and, as they left, she presented them with a bunch of violets.

Through the air came the deep sound of a church bell, and they made their way to the little grey-lichened church. It had an old-fashioned, creaking gate and the stained-glass windows made patches of colour on the floor. This was perfect happiness and they felt as though they had been there all their lives. Spring flowers spread a perfume over the church.

In the village general store they bought some packets of food. The little old man who owned the store thought, "What a happy pair! Have they ever known sadness?"

Supper was eaten in a farmer's clover field, honeyed and downy. They watched the gangly colt, with his soft, woolly coat, frisking about at the end of the field on his unsteady legs. The spring lambs next door played together without knowledge or thought of the future.

Towards sunset time a farmer came along with a rumbling cart, his horse looking forward to home and bed. He stopped and offered them a lift, which they took although they didn't know where they were going. They got off at a deserted farm house that was still in good repair and made themselves comfortable for the night. It was a warm night, and outside, as the earth went to sleep,

the pine trees sighed. As they fell asleep, they both thought it had been the happiest day of their lives.

* * *

Late at night, a lost German bomber strayed from its course and dropped a bomb on the cottage, blowing it to bits. Nobody knew who had been there. They had been given a space of happiness in their drab lives and now had gone to a better, happier world.

A wilted, brown snowdrop chain lay by the brook next day.

ANNE PROTHEROE, V C
Keller



FOOLED

*When an April day in February shows a
smiling face,
Entirely out of character and sweetly out of
place,
When all the birds start singing and the sun
begins to shine,
And all the breezes hum a tune when I had
thought they'd whine.*

*Then I wonder, "Am I dreaming? Can this
lovely day be true?
Shall I find some pavement, or the terrace
breaking through?
Will sticky buds be fooled as well, and break
through bark of trees,
Or daffodils awake too soon and rouse the
sleeping bees?"*

*When I wake expecting winter and think
spring has come instead,
I'm April's fool who looks and finds that
winter is ahead!*

ANNE CHISNELL, V B
Keller

Bazaar Notes

THIS YEAR, after some hesitation, we again decided to hold a bazaar although with some doubts of being able to repeat our former successes. However, we need not have feared, as the afternoon was a great success; and we were all very proud when Elmwood was able to send a cheque for \$560.00 to the Navy League for the allied merchant seamen.

Miss Snell again managed the tickets, assisted by Janet Edwards and a staff of form representatives; and a great many were sold.

Miss Chappell was in charge of the raffles, together with Ruth Osler, Patsy Drake, and Elisabeth Rowlatt. This year we were presented with a great number of gifts to be raffled, for which we were very grateful. A beautiful tea set was donated by Senator Wilson, one of Tom Thomson's pictures was given by Mrs. Southam, a linen dinner set was presented by Mrs. Fauquier, and we were also given a doll, a tea cosy, two pounds of chocolates, and a plant.

Tea was in charge of Miss May and Miss Zysset, helped by Margaret Hardy and Anna Cameron, and in spite of the shortage of tea and sugar, enough was saved from the mistresses' and girls' rations to give the guests a very enjoyable tea.

Candy was again under the efficient management of Miss Adams, assisted by Lois Davidson at the head of an able committee. Most of the candy was donated, and the sale was very brisk. Jam and cookies were also sold at the candy table.

The handicraft table was under the supervision of Mademoiselle Juge assisted by Paula Peters. Many gay things were made for the table by the boarders, and some knitted baby clothes were taken out of the house collections and proved a great attraction.

The white elephant table, as arranged by Miss MacDonald, with Janet Caldwell and Philippa McLaren as her helpers, looked very attractive, and a brisk trade was kept up there.

The book stall was managed by Miss Wood and Suzanne Mess, and a varied collection of books was offered for sale.

Miss Dickie, Mrs. Knight, and the junior forms arranged a fish pond and a monkey house in the hall, which were a great amusement to the younger guests.

A new feature this year was a guessing weight competition, in which each competitor guessed the weight of a delectable-looking iced Christmas cake, presented by Miss Dixon.

The boarders' cloak-room was changed into a check-room, very efficiently operated by Miss Wood and the members of VC.

Two plays were presented during the course of the afternoon:—the Nightingale play "Guest House, Very Exclusive"; and a charming play of the Nativity, which had been written by themselves, was presented by IVB and IVC under the direction of Miss Graham.

The school was charmingly decorated in gay colours by Joan Paterson, Betty Caldwell, Paula Peters, and Anna Cameron.

E.P.

THE ROOFS OF PEKING

*The roofs of Peking are beautiful,
Wonderfully carved and made.
Underneath, the coolies will pull
Rickshaws with gold inlaid.*

*The roofs with dragons standing by,
Silver, marble, bronze and gold,
All kinds of roofs against the sky
On palaces, temples of old.*

*Brick walls surrounding the temples—
Above, the roofs of blue tiles,
The sun shining over the courtyard,
Over the city for miles and miles.*

*The gold-coloured tiles live on palaces,
While dragons hold lanterns at night.
And the coolies are all going home to bed
Until morning comes with light.*

ELIZABETH OLIVER-BELLASIS, IV A
Fry

Prefect and House Senior Notes

Betty Caldwell

"A light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reprove"

Betty has been Head Girl of Elmwood this year, and a very good one, if we do say so ourselves! Every morning at 8.53 on the dot, her familiar shout can be heard through the cloakroom—"The second bell is going, everybody!" We are led to believe, by the odd remark, that the farm, Prescott, and the "Burg" have lost none of their charm in the last year. Each Monday evening, she is busy learning first aid and home nursing, and wearing her uniform at a St. John Ambulance Nursing Division drill. Her chief ambition is to be first at the scene of an accident "just to see what I would do". She has other interests which lie outside the bounds of the school, chiefly concerning Jimmy Stewart and the Navy, Army and Air Force. Bets is headed for McGill next year, come what may, and we wish her the best of luck and happiness in the future.



Joan Paterson

"I came I saw . . . and now I'm leaving"

Joanie, this year's Head of Nightingale, is the sole person taking her full Senior and the honour or fate of Elmwood rests on her shoulders. To most of the school she appears to be the "silent type", but the members of the sitting room know better! The school got a great shock the first Monday after Christmas when Miss Paterson appeared in something other than her school tunic (of course Joanie has other clothes besides her tunic!) . . . It was the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and she looks very smart in it. The name "Joanie P" is becoming quite famous. Her niece is named after her Aunt, also one of Caldwell's Jerseys, and the latest to acquire the name is a jeep somewhere in England. This is Joanie's fourth and final year, with University awaiting her in September. Good luck, Joanie!



Janet Caldwell

"It's so peaceful in the country . . . !"

Jan is the only Fry member of the sitting room but she manages to more than hold her own against Nightingale and Keller. She and our Prescott member can usually be found arguing whether "Higher and Higher" was shown in Carleton Place before it was shown in Prescott or whether Prescott's war bond quota is higher than that of Carleton Place. So far Carleton Place is in the lead. Jan says her heart belongs to her new collie pup, Kiltie, but we know better! Between cadets, guides and the management of Fry, Jan is kept very busy but she always has a smile for us. She will be back next year, and we wish her the best of luck.





Janet Edwards

"For she has all God's good gifts of nature"

Jan who answers to the name of "Ed.", is the busy Head of Keller. She is also a very reliable Vice-Sports-Captain and if at any time she is missing she can usually be found playing tennis or practising basketball. For the past few weeks, everytime we have seen Ed. she was standing in front of a mirror practising that new "Listerine" smile . . . she has just had her hands off. To come back next September or follow her sister's footsteps to McGill is the question, but we wish her the best of luck in whatever she does.



Ruth Osler

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance"

"Boofie", a conscientious reliable prefect with the most devastating blue eyes which cast a ray of innocence over her entire countenance, devotes most of her spare time to giving patriotic pep talks to boost the School's sale of War Savings stamps. A daily attraction at lunch time is to look across the table and see a certain person making disapproving grimaces at the plate set before her and perhaps under the camouflage of the water pitcher switching her dieted lunch for the regulation Elmwood meal. We're very glad that we won't have to do without Boofie for a while because she'll be back with bells on to reinforce the seniors next year.



Lois Davidson

"All the nice girls . . ."

"Davy" is our most recently appointed prefect, so recent, in fact, that she was still a House Senior when the officers' pictures were taken. Since joining the ranks of the sitting room one of her duties is to inspect the Juniors, and what a time she has! This one has lost her tie, that one has lost her belt, the laces of another one's shoes are missing, and they all have wonderful excuses for poor Davy. Although her future is unsettled we know that she would make a good business woman because these last few weeks she has been 'phoning firms about advertising in the Mag, and that voice of hers has really done wonders. At the first of the year she fascinated us with stories of the great architectural masterpieces she was going to create but on finding that she had to have Algebra to be an architect she declared, "Oh well, I didn't care much for architecture anyway," and started contemplating a brilliant literary career. Whether it be buildings or books, Davy, good luck!

Philippa McLaren

*"I'm sure I have a noble mind
With honesty and tact
And no one's more surprised than I
To see the way I act."*

"Pip" is VA's contribution to the sitting room and the other half of the devastating Osler-McLaren team, that barter War Savings stamps for shiny new quarters, every Monday and Wednesday. Three forty-five finds her almost every day wondering where she has left her house key, and whether she will enter her home via the door or the cellar window. We hear she has become quite adept at sliding down the coal chute. Her chief passions are Humphrey Bogart, chocolate sundaes and "As Time Goes By," which she strums dreamily on the piano with dubious success. We're very glad that Pip will be lurking around the school premises for a few more years to add a bit of sunshine to life.



Elizabeth Paish

"A girl with a smile is a girl worth while"

"Pasty" has come and gone leaving behind her the memory of a brain that was almost too much for our lesser lights and a perpetual grin that always made any bickering or grouching of ours look rather silly in comparison. Her fruits of glory were short lived—one day of surveying the hall from the peak of a House Senior and she abandoned it and us. Nightingale marks suffered a nose dive, the Physic class is at an utter loss and Latin has lost its charm for Pasty's translations kept us in stitches. But we must accept the fact that we've seen Pasty off tearfully at the station and wish her all the best of everything at home in England.



Monitors



L. to R. DIANA LAIRD, PAULA PETERS, SUZANNE MESS, MARGARET HARDY,
BETSY ALLEN, ANNA CAMERON



This Dear of Grace

I TRUDGE along the dutsy rough road, tired, bitter, seeing sand, sand, sand! No consolation here, no easing of my sorrow, nothing but bloody, war-scarred sand.

Once I wanted to travel. Once when the newspapers screamed of chaos, when the world was dark with hatred and cruelty, I could wander from the heartless world, into a happier one, where Paris was gaiety; London majesty; New York madness. But it was war then, and there was no time in the frenzy of the fight for dreamers or dreams. It was war, and low over me hung a cloud of sorrow, which slowly enveloped me, so that it filled me completely, driving out hopes and dreams, and leaving a well thumbed book of memories, and an aching. For somewhere in the heat of battle a lanky, blue eyed, young subaltern had fallen; somewhere in a desert's sandy dust lay my boy.

When at last the long conflict was over, the world went half mad with joy, vaunting its liberty to the heavens; feverishly gay, trying to forget the pain and suffering ended so lately. Yet in this year of grace, nineteen hundred and fifty-five, the sting of the old remembrances has been forgotten, and only the noble, the courageous, remains.

It was peace, and suddenly I had time for the dreams I had dreamt so long ago. Across the sea lay the velvet lawns and majestic ruins of more peaceful days in England, the scarred, resurrected glory that is Europe, and the soft sifting sands of the Sahara.

Now I walk on the dusty rough roads and paths, still marked with the tools of a job so well done; dusty as they were when my John marched there for his country; rough as it were, when he lay there, dead, murdered by some filthy German. I walk here so that I too may kick soft grey dust with my toe, and feel the hard rough ground under my feet, and wonder what thoughts filled him as he marched life's last dark mile.

But it is peace now; the world is happy! Look over the desert. There is naught but

peace there—peace and serenity. But what know I of peace now that he is gone? What care I for life or happiness? Mine died here on this road eight years ago.

RUTH OSLER, VI M
Nightingale

LIFE'S QUEST

*Where is the land of forever after,
The land of the story's end?
Where is the life in which loving and laughter
Mingle and blend?*

*Who has discovered that mystic somewhere,
Trudging o'er life's long way
Where love and devotion are yours for the
grasping,
Lasting for e'er and a day?*

*Who has not sought mid the tears and sorrow
Something more strong than distress,
Seeking forever in every to-morrow
Happiness.*

RUTH OSLER, VI M
Nightingale

DAWN

*The thick dingy smoke that hangs over a town
From factories that loom 'gainst the skies,
And under this filthy and murky gray pall
The soot-blackened rooftops arise.
This is the dawn
That was made by man.*

*The feathery mist on a calm northern lake
That flees with the coming of day;
A spider web shimmering and sparkling with
dew
In the light of the sun's first ray.
This is the dawn
That was made by God.*

SUZANNE MESS, V A
Keller

Old Girls' Notes, 1944

ENGAGEMENTS

Susan Kenny to Lieut. William Howe,
R.C.N.V.R.
Joan Thomson to Flt. Lieut. Robert Avery,
R.C.A.F.
Melodie O'Connor to Sgt. Roland Crisson.
Winnifred Cross to Lt. Comdr. John Ogle.
Pat O'Donnell to Lieut. Robert Stronach,
R.C.N.V.R.
Barbara McClelland to Lieut. Oliver Maybee,
R.C.N.V.R.
Peggy Clarke to Surgeon Lieut. Donald
Johnson, R.C.N.V.R.

MARRIAGES

Betty Hooper to Flt. Lt. R. D. Church, D.F.C.
Gerry Hanson to Capt. Hugh McKay.
Genevieve Bronson to Archibald Laidlaw.
Miriam Cruikshank to Lieut. Daniel Lewis,
A.S.W.R.
Betty Hamilton to Alistair Maitland.
Hope Gilmour to Captain Alistair Buchan.
Mary Fry to Flt. Lieut. Peter Wang.
Muriel Inkster to Sqd. Ldr. Ashley Hornell.
Marjorie McKinnon to Rowley Booth.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Francis Gill (Betty Fauquier), a son.
Mrs. Gordon McNicoll (Anne Perley-
Robertson), a son.
Mrs. Jack Harris (Fran Foster), a daughter.
Mrs. Jack Newton (Winsome Hooper),
a daughter.
Mrs. A. Riley (Ailsa Mathewson), a daughter.

* * *

Elmwood has many Old Girls in the service of our country. Overseas there are Melodie O'Connor and Barbara Fellowes with the Air Force, Lieut. Nancy Riley (you may have seen her in the newsreels) in the C.W.A.C.,

and Rosemary Youle and Lieut. Pat Macoun with the W.R.C.N.S. Elizabeth Kenny, Susan Edwards and Sybil Petrie are in England with the Red Cross Transport Corps, and Joan Fraser in Red Cross Administration. Barbara Ross is doing good work in Italy for the Red Cross. Mrs. Francis Gill (Betty Fauquier) and Mrs. Alistair Buchan (Hope Gilmour) are also in England.

Nancy Baker and Jane Edwards are in the Intelligence Branch of the Naval Service, W.R.C.N.S. in Ottawa, as are Barbara McClelland (Lieut.), Rosemary Clarke (Lieut.), Eleanor Carson and Damaris Owen, Bea Black, who graduated as a nurse is now a Lieut. in the R.C.A.M.C. Gerry Hanson, Anna Wilson and Lieut. Kay Inkster are others in the Army. In the Air Force are Liliias (Ahearn) Roberts, Nadine Christie and Dorothy Leggett, Margaret Carson, Margaret Parkin and Eleanor Leggett are all officers in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.).

Anne Bethune, who graduated from Bryn Mawr, is now working in the Prime Minister's office. We hear that Aline Dubois was offered a contract with the Ballet Russe in New York. Anne Shaw graduated from Queen's last year, and has been doing secretarial work at Elmwood for the last two or three months. Dorothy Wardle, after being Registrar at Carleton College, is now English secretary at the Swedish Legation. Claire Perley-Robertson and Pam Booth are both in Montreal—Claire studying dress designing and music, and Pam working with the Ferry Command. Joan Daniels is driving for the Red Cross Transport in Montreal.

Then there are those continuing their studies at college—Joan Somerville, Elizabeth Edwards, Noreen Haney, and Norma Wilson are at McGill. Sue Kenny and Mackie Edwards will be graduating from McGill this spring, and Mackie is going on into medicine (good luck, Doc!). Nancy Bowman and Marguerite Kenney are accomplishing won-

ders at MacDonald. Mary Paterson won a coveted Tri-color Award, and will be graduating from Queen's this year. At the University of Toronto are Anne Powell, Mary Osler, Ogden Blackburn, Nancy Paterson; Barbara Watson will graduate this spring.

Some Old Girls are following the tradition of Nightingale—Frances Bell graduated this year from Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Margery Woodward, Mary Wurtele and Lette McGreer are in training at the Montreal General.

And here is some news from Toronto. Elizabeth McClelland Hunter (Mrs. B. P. Hunter), and Pat Spendlove are working in the British Passport Office in New York. Marion Ellsworth Rowan (Mrs. Donald Rowan), is living in Toronto with her small son, as are Mary Scripture Deeks (Mrs. Edward Deeks), Genevieve Inglis Harcourt, and Mona Morrow Band. Barbara Brown Kelly and her husband are residing in Toronto. Elizabeth Massey is in training at the Sick Children's Hospital. Peggy McLaren Medland (Mrs. M. Medland) is living in Ottawa with her husband and small daughter Frances. Clara May Gibson Kilgour with her husband and daughter Ione, is also in Ottawa.

We wish to express our deep sympathy to Sarah Wallace, in the loss of her brother, Lieutenant John Wallace, aged 23, who was killed in action with the Canadian forces in Italy, on the 25th of April.

Early in March Mrs. Buck was in Montreal for a short visit and while she was there Mrs. Claude Heubach gave a delightful tea party so that she could meet a number of Montreal Old Elmwoodians. Those who were present in addition to Jean and Betty were: Helen (Mackay) Moffatt, Betty (Plaunt) Gratias, Harriett (Mathias) Smith, Anne (Coghlin) Hyde, Margot (Graydon) Heubach, Janet (Dobell) Bennett, Anna Reay (Mackay) Cundill, Mimsi (Cruikshank) Hooker. We were greatly interested in hearing news of their doings—and are very grateful to Jean Heubach for keeping us in touch with so many of the Montrealers.

TOC H NOTES

Toc H has been a small, but active body of students this year, and with Mrs. Buck's help we have been discussing and practicing in school and out, the aims, which are

To think fairly,
To love widely,
To witness humbly,
To build bravely.

To many of us, who have entered the circle of the lamp for the first time this year, the simple doctrines of Toc H have been an inspiration, and help in our daily living.

Mrs. Edwards, one of our Toc H friends in England, has written us several encouraging letters, and some of us have been corresponding with English members of our own age.

Sister Ella of Shernfold School attended many of our meetings this year, which were held in the library on every other Sunday.

Miss Margaret Owen, a leader in the British Columbia Toc H League of Women Helpers visited us and gave us a talk on the meaning of Toc H, which we all enjoyed very much.

Next year we hope that we may welcome many more new members to the circle of the lamp and that we may continue and extend our activities.

R.O.

SUNSET

*High on the tallest mountain peaks
The sunset casts its glow,
And out of the beautiful colours come visions—
Visions of long ago.*

*There's Cartier with the Indians,
Besides the minstrels that sing,
And also William the Conqueror,
And Jesus born to be King.*

*And then as the sunset slowly fades,
The visions slowly fade, too;
And nothing is left but the mountain peaks
And the sky's nightly shade of dark blue.*

SALLY McCARTER, aged 11

Matriculation Results, 1943

Abbreviations—1, first class honors; 2, second class honors; 3, third class honors; C, credit standing.

UPPER SCHOOL

E

M. Isabel Earl—French Authors 3, French Composition 2, Chemistry 3.

Elizabeth G. Edwards—English Composition 1.

M

Letitia M. McGreer—English Composition 1.

Margaret Ann McKee—English Composition 1, English Literature 3, Algebra 1, Geometry 1, Trigonometry 1, Botany 2, Zoology 2, French Authors C, French Composition C.

O

Mary K. Osler—English Composition 3, English Literature 2, Modern History 1, Algebra 3, Trigonometry 3, Botany 3, Zoology 2, French Authors 3, French Composition C.

Anne M. Powell—English Composition 1, English Literature 3, Algebra 1, Geometry 1, French Authors 1, French Composition 1, German Authors 1, German Composition 1.

W

Jacqueline E. M. Workman—English Composition 2, English Literature 3, Modern History 1, Botany 2, Zoology 2, French Authors 1, German Composition 1, German Authors 1.

Mary T. W. Wurtele—English Composition 3, English Literature C, Modern History 1, Algebra 2, Geometry 2, Trigonometry 1, Zoology 2, Chemistry 2, French Authors 3, French Composition 2.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Recommendations

A

Betsy Allen—Ancient and Mediaeval History 2.

C

Betty Caldwell—English C, Algebra C, Geometry 3, Ancient and Mediaeval History C, Chemistry C.

Janet Caldwell—Physics C, Ancient and Mediaeval History C.

D

Lois Davidson—Ancient and Mediaeval History 1.

E

Isabel Earl—English 3, Algebra 2, Geometry C, Chemistry 3, Physics C, Modern History C.

Janet Edwards—Physics 1, Ancient and Modern History 1.

G

Elizabeth Gilchrist—English 3, Algebra C, Geometry C, French 3, German C, Modern History 2.

Joan Gillies—Ancient and Mediaeval History C.

H

Noreen Haney—English C, Algebra 3, Geometry 1, Chemistry 1, Latin 2, French 2, Modern History 1.

Margaret Hardy—Ancient and Mediaeval History 1.

M

Anne MacKinnon—English 3, Algebra C, Geometry 3, Latin C, French 2, German 3, Modern History 1.

Letitia McGreer—Geometry C, Chemistry C, Physics C, French C, Zoology C.

O

Ruth Osler—Ancient and Mediaeval History 2.

P

Joan Paterson—English 2, Algebra 2, Geometry 1, Chemistry 1, French 2, German C, Modern History 2.

Paula Peters—Physics 3, Ancient and Mediaeval History 2.

W

Sarah Wallace—French C.

Kathleen Ward—Ancient and Mediaeval History C.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

*A mother bent in anxious care
O'er a sleeping bundle with tousled hair,
And in the lamplight's shaded glow
Breathed a prayer all mothers know.*

*O God, I pray he'll always be
Just as precious, as close to me.
May he know of the good and right,
And grow acceptable in Thy sight.
May he never know of wars and such,
For, Lord, I love him so very much.*

*In years that came, she'd often creep,
When all the house was wrapped in sleep
Into the room of her curly-head
To watch him, small in a great big bed.*

*No longer was clutched in the tiny hands
A bear, as there had been in days of old;
For now he dreamed of far-off lands
And pirate ships and gold.*

*She had prayed long ago he'd know the good,
And by his eyes she knew he would,
But there was time—and who could say,
She might be very proud some day.*

*Then time rushed by at a dizzy rate.
Her lad was a boy grown straight and tall,
Until he said he mustn't wait
And joined the Air Force that fateful fall.*

*He'd come to her with a shy half grin
And told her, "Mum, they've said I'm in."
Then, everything in her tightening the while
She swallowed the lump and managed to smile.*

*"Oh God," she said, as she saw him go,
"Why should he avenge the foe?
But since it's thus the die is cast,
Bring him home to me at last."*

* * *

*A plane of flames fell from the sky.
He seemed so very young to die,
But God, whose reason we cannot know,
Called and so he had to go.*

*And so a mother's world was gone,
Fallen down about her ears;
There was nothing now but the silent dawn
And tears.*

*But then she knew he'd known the right,
And her heart was full of love and pride
Because for this he had gone to fight
And for this, had died.*

LOIS DAVIDSON, VI M
Nightingale



WE WERE DISILLUSIONED

*As we walked,
We saw a soft wave kiss the burning sand,
Like a hot brow once reached by a cool hand.*

*We looked up and saw the sky—
The sky of many moods,
Who wears upon his breast a banner of
mystery.*

*We saw the night shunned by the city
Who wears a crown of electric glory
Put there only by men.*

*We saw the night still find her comfort—
Her comfort in the hills,
Settle upon the soft, relaxing hills outside
the city.*

*We saw the morning rise from the hills, in
solemn beauty,
The victor over darkness, and
Now the monarch of her vast domain—
the sky.*

And then—

*We saw the people
Playing at a game called war,
For which they forfeited their lives.*

*We found no beauty here,
And so passed on.*

ANNA CAMERON, V A
Keller

A JUNGLE CLUE

As I crept stealthily through the boiling jungle, I felt I was being watched. It was only half past seven in the morning and yet the sun was already shining brilliantly. All of a sudden a shot rang out above me. As I looked up, another bullet whizzed only an inch or so over my helmet. I spotted the sniper and shot him through the head. With a blood-curdling yell he came hurtling through the branches. I took out my handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from my face. Then I went over to where the Jap had fallen. A groan or two escaped his lips and then silence. I searched him and found some kind of map in his inside pocket. I took it to the Sergeant, but he only snapped a "Thank you" to me, snatched it and told me to scram. I went back and continued the dreary search for snipers.

Later in the day, the Sergeant sent for me.

"Where'd you get this?" he asked sharply.

"On a dead Jap, sir," I replied.

"By the look of it, I should say this map is something which will be very useful". He sat down and wrote a note. "Take this note and the map to the General," he said.

"Yes, sir."

A swarm of mosquitoes buzzed about me as I walked thoughtfully towards the General's tent. The sentry admitted me quickly when I showed him the letter.

"Your name?" questioned the General, as I entered the cool tent.

"Private Jackson, sir", I answered. I saluted and stood at one side.

Taking the letter, the General read it carefully, and examined the map.

"This is a map of the Jap air base at Sirgawai", said the General. "We have wanted this information for a long time, and we are very grateful to you, Private Jackson."

JUDY McCULLOCH, IV A
Fry

AN EASTER LETTER

Dear John,

*If you were home now, you could see
The dew on the lawn and the daffodils dancing
In the faint evening breeze.*

*You could see with me the purple lilac in
bloom,*

*The nightingale trilling in the old poplar tree
And the white Easter lilies shining through
the gloom.*

*You could go and say good night to Timmie
in his cot,*

*His eyes shining with the thought of Easter
And all the joys it brought.*

*The church today was full of fresh spring
flowers*

*And people praying that captives could be
free,*

*That their dear ones would come safely back
from war.*

*You'll come back to us, won't you,
And spend these golden days with me?*

ANNE PROTHEROE, V C
Keller

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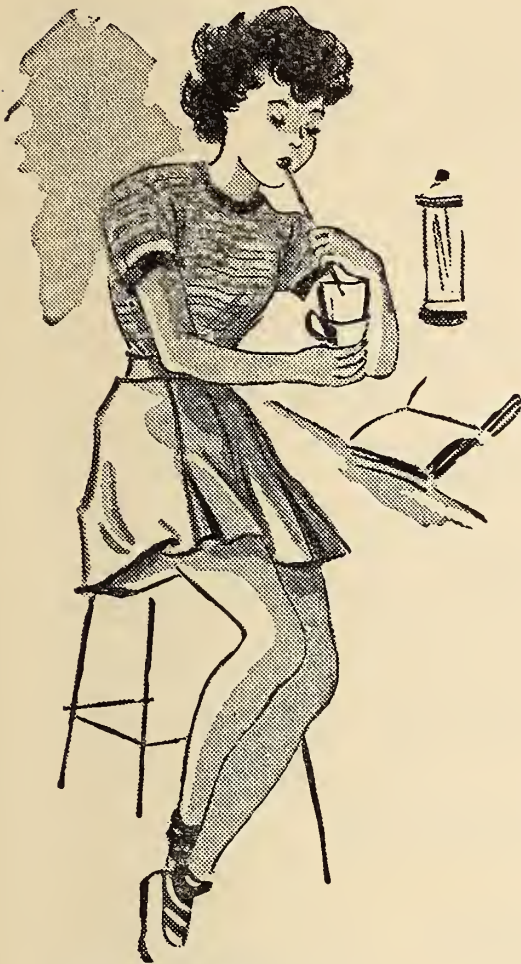
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